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FUGITIVE PIECES,

THE PRODUCTION OF

LEISURE HOURS!

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BY MRS. C. A: DUNN.

WOODSTOCK. 1867.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

FUGITIVE PIECES

157,931

THE HISTORY OF

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LEISURE HOURS

BY MRS. C. A. DUNK.

WOODSTOCK: 1867.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

These fugitive pieces are offered to the public not because of any special merit, or fancied superiority, and yet the writer humbly presumes they may be read with pleasure, and awake an interest in morality. They are the productions of hours snatched from the duties of a domestic life rendered far from cheering by a sad bereavement. The Author ventures on the hope that they may meet with a favorable reception.

Yours respectfully,

C. A. DUNN.

Woodstock, October, 1867.

TO THE PUBLIC.

These rights are offered to the public not because of any special merit or unusual superiority, and yet the writer humbly presumes they may be read with pleasure and profit in a moral and political sense. They are the product of hours watched from the duties of a domestic life, and far from claiming any and pretensions to be a literary or scientific work, they may meet with a favorable reception.

Yours respectfully,

O. A. Dunn.

Woodstock, October 1867.

WILLIE COMES NOT HOME.

THE sun went down in a flood of light,
A glorious sight to see,
And the evening bell has tolled the hour,
Of six, most sweetly.

The laborer and the artisan
Unto their homes have gone,
But though long I've watched and waited,
My **WILLIE** comes not home.

My baby dear is nestling,
Close to my widowed breast,
Her soft blue eyes look in my face,
As she peacefully sinks to rest.
There's no father to kiss her fair young cheek,
Her dimpled smile to own,
Or press her little soft white hand,
Now **WILLIE** comes not home.

My children's anxious faces,
Seem asking for their sire ;
They miss him when our table's spread,
And by the evening's fire.
They are lonely, for their father's smile
And kindly words are gone ;

They've lost a steadfast, loving friend,
Now WILLIE comes not home.

Yet dry thy tears, lone widowed one,
And hush thy mournful sigh,
Thy husband sings a happy song,
In Heavenly mansions high.
So says the spirit to my soul,
God's hand in this I own,
My God and father I submit,
For WILLIE has gone home.

THEY COME IN DREAMS TO ME.

THEY come to me in dreams,
The friends of early youth,
Pleasing the vision seems,
Wearing the robes of truth.

Belov'd far away,
For your affection beams,
Though ye cheer not now by day,
Ye come to me in dreams.

A parent near does stand,
To bless the hours of rest,
A sister's friendly hand
Within my own is press'd.

Her raven locks still charm;
No sorrow fills her eye,
I view her stately form,
As I did in days gone by.

To me will oft appear
My grandsire's aged face,
I mark his silver hair,
His well-known features trace.

He wears no placid smile,
But sorrow marks him now,
He gazes for a while,
On me with sadden'd brow.

Now beauty meets my gaze,
I see a lovely shade,
The pride of my young days,
Death in the cold ground laid.

Her smile is still as bright,
Her brow seems just as fair,
As when she blessed my sight
And grac'd this lower sphere.

I dream I hear a sound,
The lov'd and gentle voice,
Of one who rest hath found,
I hear and must rejoice.

Friends in the silent tomb,
Your mem'ries linger yet,
Around my earthy home,
Dreams chide if I forget.

THE INEBRIATE'S WIFE.

'TIS NIGHT, a bitter winter's night,
And snow lies on the frozen ground ;
A few lone stars cast down their light,
The biting blast doth howl around.

Upon yon moor, a lonely cot,
Doth send no taper's light to cheer,
Nor blazing fire make glad the lot,
Of th' inebriate's home, so dark and drear.

A faded form is bending o'er,
The dying embers' flickering flame ;
Her eyes are dim, she weeps yet more,
And bitter are her grief and pain.

Her starving babes are hush'd to rest,
Her tattered mantle o'er them spread ;
Their hungry cries have pierc'd her breast,
And gone is all her scanty bread.

Those babes received it with her tears,
They little thought it was her all ;
She blesses them with frequent prayers,
And Heaven's aid adown doth call.

Unhappy wife, thou carst not sleep,
He whom thou lovest should return ;

***Tis mid night, do not longer keep
Thy solitary watch, and mourn !**

Ye heavy hours seem not so long !

**Have pity on that shivering form,
And ease the racking thoughts that throng,
And stay the pelting of the storm.**

**Those broken panes receive the blast,
It sweeping comes, with moaning din,
She shivers more, oh, hasten past !
And greet some home where warmth's within.**

**Hark ! to that noise, she starts to hear
Her wretched husband's well known voice ;
He reeling comes, she groans, he swears
At her, the object of his choice !**

**At her who lov'd him, loves him still,
At her his once fond happy bride ;
His vows to cherish did he fulfil ?
Oh, see her crouching by his side !**

**Struck by his blow, stung by his curse !
Poor creature did you wait for this ?
Monster to make her misery worse,
Vile cruelty's the drunkard's bliss.**

**Oh, help her, Heaven ! the inebriate's wife !
Those little ones her sufferings share ;
Oh, ease her bitter lot in life,
The drunkard's fate, those children spare.**

LINES TO MY LITTLE BOY.

My little boy, thou art fair to see
In the opening beauty of infancy ;
Soft is the beam of thy mild blue eye,
Wearing the hue of the summer's sky ;
Innocent the look of thy childish gaze,
Which we only behold in childhood's days.

My little boy in his hours of play,
Though dull seems the time, ever is gay,
Fit playmate he for the birds and the flowers,
That sing in the woodlands, or paint the wild
 bowers ;
And his small ringing voice, with laughter so clear,
Seemeth to say our world is yet joyous and fair.

My little boy with his bright sunny hair,
Hath fair rosy cheeks and dimples are there ;
His sweet merry laugh, and his quick joyous
 tread.

Show happiness smiling around his young head,
And the lov'd lisping words that he prattles to me,
Have beauty and innocence in their wild glee.

There is hope, there is trust, in his eyes brightning
 gleam,
There's a glimpse of fair heaven in its soft rolling
 beam ;

Though the dream of the child the rude world
 will mar,
 Oh, still may the truth be his guide and his star ;
 And may virtue be his as he grows up in years,
 And GOD be his trust on this earth's vale of tears.

LITTLE EMMA.

ONCE I knew a little maiden
 Sweeter than the summer's gale,
 Fairer than the opening blossom
 Blooming in the dewy dale.
 Happy as the little Goldfinch,
 Singing in the cherry tree ;
 She would ply her busy needle,
 Sing and smile most pleasantly.

In the meadow where the violets
 Clustered in the soft spring time,
 EMMA wandered in the evening
 Listening to the bird's sweet chime :
 Or beside the murmuring brooklet
 Leaning by a verdant tree,
 I have marked her merry musings
 While the stream sang lullaby.

From the hill side EMMA gathered
 Flowers to decorate her home ;
 Where the forest pine trees nodded,
 She would venture forth alone.
 Nature's child—she loved its beauty,
 Thence would spring devotion's ray,

She admired the bright blue heaven,
And to Nature's God would pray.

Little maiden, thou art welcome—
Kneeling on the mossy sod—
Thus to gaze on nature's beauty,
Thus to worship nature's God,
Though thy heart is young and tender,
And no eye thy praying see,
But the eye of him who called,
"Little children come to me."

THE CASTAWAY, OR MATERNAL LOVE.

Why are you weeping, old woman,
Why are you weeping here?
There's a tempest gath'ring, woman,
A tempest dark and drear.

Why sit you here, old woman,
So lonely on the sea shore?
Where the billows are rolling high
And the thunders loudly roar.

"My heart," says she, "is more dreary
Than the storm or lonely sea;
Depart, disturb not me, oh, stranger,
My sorrow would secret be,"

But tell me thy grief, old woman,
For I would ease thy woe;
What causes this thy sorrow,
My heart is touched to know?

" Mark you not yon vessel sailing
 Upon the troubled sea ?
 My son. my son is on its deck,
 And he is dear to me.

He has left me thus to weep for him,
 My hoary locks to tear ;
 He loves me not, tho' cherish'd long,
 My sad, my joyous care.

The slave of vice, alas, he is,
 To sin his course is run ;
 A castaway, yet his mother
 Can't forget her son.

MYRA THE FAIR.

Be not so proud 'cause nature gave
 MYRA, to thee a handsome face ;
 Look not so high, 'cause in thy form
 Is centred every queenly grace.

Knowest thou not that beauty fades,
 That all that's fair and now so sweet,
 Will blasted be by the hiding tomb,
 Or withered by time so fleet.

Love no more such charms as fade,
 But treasures seek that are less light,
 And oh ! believe me MYRA fair,
 Thy treasure then will know no blight.

Oh! make thy heart the fairer gem,
And it as priceless casket prize,
Then praise with truth will be bestowed,
Praise pure as incense will arise.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

ADIEU! loved house that sheltered me,
In childhood's happy hours,
Adieu! loved fields that welcomed me,
With fragrant summer flowers.
Farewell the croft and garden,
I tripped along when young;
Farewell the favored plum tree,
Where birds at morning sung.

Farewell ye lovely scenes,
Where I spent my early years,
Where my laughing heart was free,
From grief and worldly cares.
Adieu! sweet scented briar,
Where budding thought was reared,
Thy fragrant shade alone I sought,
For study pastime spared.

Adieu! ye woody haunts,
Where my lightsome feet did stray;
There, mid nature's gifts I've past,
Many a smiling summers day.
Ye neig' boring scenes of beauty,
Overtopped by yon blue sky,

Ye are altered since your grandeur,
Allured my infant eye.

A last adieu ! old tenement,
If I never see thee more ;
My sympathy belong to thee,
For the by-gone days of yore.
Still may thy roof be fringed with moss,
Green on thy windows shine ;
Home of my childhood to recall,
The thoughts of olden time.

GOD REVEALED IN HIS WORKS.

THIS noble pine that rears its head to greet the sky,
Those leafless trees that grace the forest high,
Upon the earth, this snow, so pure, so white,
The glorious hues of sunset, dazzling bright,
Proclaim the LORD.

The mid-day sun, arrayed in richest gold,
The whistling wind, so dreary and so cold,
The howling storm that stirs this wintry scene,
The bitter frost, the poor so hard doth deem,
Do tell of heaven.

The meanest flowret, with its simple hue,
The coloured rainbow in its home of blue,
The humble bird that lifts its modest voice,
With warble sweet, that summer bids rejoice,
Praise the LORD.

The little rill that ripples through the mead,
 The spreading river, with its angry speed,
 The placid lake that in the sunshine gleams,
 The mighty ocean, where the tempest screams,
 Proclaim the LORD.

The silver moon, displaying her soft light,
 The blinking stars, with all their radiance bright,
 The darkness, still and solemn in the gloom,
 Awaking thoughts that whisper of the tomb,
 Do tell of heaven.

This wond'rous world, the things that it adorn,
 So beautiful the hand of God did form ;
 His care for every life He did create,
 His love for man, though in a fallen state,
 Proclaim that God is love.

HOPE'S WELCOME.

AH HOPE, sweet flattering hope
 She has been here again
 With cheerful smiles so sweet,
 That doubt dare not remain ;
 She whispered future joys,
 Once more beguiled my heart,
 Her tales like truth did seem.

The pleasing dream has flown,
 And hope's withdrawn her smile,
 She veils her heavenly face ;
 My heart has grieved the while,

When cares the breast would grieve
 And tempt me to despair,
 Sweet hope once more will smile,
 Nor ever fails to cheer.

I will not chide thee, hope,
 Though flattering me again,
 And false are the bright dreams
 That deck'd your smiling reign.
 Then smile, dear flattering hope,
 Despite thy sweet deceit,
 Show me thy face nor stay away,
 My welcome shall thee greet.

THE INDIAN FATHER.

POHATTAN, the father of POCAHONTAS, refused to give his younger daughter in marriage to Governor DALE, though solicited by him and her sister ; saying to the messenger : " Go back to your Governor, and tell him that I value his love and peace, which, while I live, I will keep. Tell him that I love my daughter as my life, and though I have many children, I have none like her. If I could not see her, I would not live : and if I give her to you, I shall never see her."—*Sears Description of the United States.*

WHITE man, adieu ! haste on your way,
 And tell your Governor bold,
 All honor to his love I pay,
 And would his friendship hold.

But her, my younger daughter fair,
The darling of my heart,
Who oft my warrior breast does cheer,
With her I cannot part.

Though she is not my only child,
I have more my love to claim ;
Not one has e'er so sweetly smiled,
Or called their father's name.

She's graceful as the springing fawn ;
She's beautiful as the flower
That lifts its head at dewy morn,
To deck some forest bower.

I could not live in forest wild,
I could not chase the deer,
If parted from my favorite child
Ill would my grey hairs fare.

My dearest child could I not see,
Dim would be each sunny day ;
Weak grow my heart ; grief speedily
Would wear my life away.

My Indian maid did I bestow,
To be the whiteman's bride,
Far from her kindred she must go,
And cross the ocean wide.

Then I should see her face no more ;
Tell my white brother so,
I'm growing old, and near Death's shore,
Close not my life with woe.

THE GRASSY HILL—THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

Can I forget the grassy hill,
 Around my humble mossy dwelling,
Can I forget the simple rill,
 Its many tales of fancy telling ?
Can I forget the days gone by,
 When I upon that hill was straying,
Or warmed by summer's genial sky,
 Amid the violets blue was playing ?

Can I forget the meadow green,
 When the evening bell was sweetly pealing,
That bright and lovely forest scene ;
 God's wond'rous works revealing ?
Can I forget when on that hill,
 My childish hand the flowers was strewing,
When I my shining can did fill,
 With strawberries that were growing ?

Can I forget the shady wood,
 When at dewy eve the sun was setting,
The green old yard, where mooly stood
 While I her milk was getting ?
Ah no ! for then my heart was young,
 Full of romantic feeling,
To all life's beauties fondly clung,
 To infancy revealing.

BE KIND TO THE AGED WAYFARER.

OH TREAT that stranger well, he is an ag'd man,
And he hath borne the burden of the day,
Mark that his eyes are dim, his cheeks are wan,
And that his scanty locks have long been grey ;
Give him the cushion'd chair that he may easier rest
His tired limbs, that ache with many a pain,
Give him some food and cheer his aged breast,
Until his drooping frame its strength regain.

Behold he grateful smiles for all thy care,
The thanks that swell his heart he cannot speak,
But in his brighten'd eye there peeps a tear,
Thee it blesses, rolling down his wither'd cheek ;
The sun is low, the old wayfarer's gone,
With cheerful heart he treads his homeward way ;
Thy kindness on life's darkness brightly shone,
Thou eas'd for him the burden of the day.

May he, poor man, ne'er want a friendly hand,
Yor tender heart to do a virtuous deed,
While he remains a dweller in the land
May pity ever find him in his need ;
And thou my lovely maid that did'st bestow,
Thy care upon a feeble aged man,
May God be thy reward, who looks below,
And all the ways of erring mortals scans.

MY FATHER'S GRAY HAIRS.

Dear father I've gazed on thy broad ample brow,
 Admiring the beauty that sat triumphant there,
 Ere sorrow had furrowed thy forehead as now,
 Or rough time had whitened thy dark curling
 hair ;

Though dear then the smile thy face to me wore,
 I honor thy gray hairs and wrinkles much more.

And bright was the beam from thy dark rolling
 eye,

When youth's golden blossoms I welcomed as
 mine,

But time o'er thy beauty swept roughly by,
 And ruthless had dimmed those bright eyes of
 thine,

Yet dearer to me are thine eye, faded beam,
 And honored the head where thy gray hairs gleam.

Thy youth seems a dream, and thy manhood
 prime,

Now thy once stately figure is bowed by rough
 time ;

Old age overtakes thee with sickness and care,
 And sorrow increaseth as year succeeds year ;

But though faded thy beauty, and drooping thy
 form,

Dear to me is the old head thy gray hairs adorn.

Thus far you have braved the cold storms of life,
 Now may peace fill your aged bosom with rest ;
 As a conquering hero from this rough world's
 strife,

Be pleasant thy path to the home of the blest ;
 And till death's dreamless slumber shall banish
 all cares.

I would honor and cherish my father's gray hairs.

REGRET.

O would that we had never met,
 In days now long ago,
 Or that we were as strangers yet,
 That met and parted so,
 The pain around my aching heart
 Would ne'er been caused by thee,
 From kindred love, from hope to part,
 Might have been spared to me.

O would that we had never met
 That morning long ago,
 That lingers in my memory yet,
 With sky o'ercast by love,
 A trustful woman, young and fair,
 I stood then by your side,
 With hope and love the words did hear
 That made me then your bride.

A lover bold, you sought my hand
 With many a promise fair,
 Such honest love could I withstand,

So true I thought you were ;
O false is man, to strive to win
A woman for his own—
Secured the prize his love grows dim,
And she must pine alone.

Deep, very deep is woman's wrong
Whose trust is thus betrayed,
Such anguish cannot find a tongue
To tell the grief that's made,
The heart grows cold, yet she must live
The same from day to day,
Earth hath no hope to that said heart,
It beats and wears away.

HYMN OF PRAISE TO GOD.

Almighty God, thy tender care
I witness every day,
An age devoted to thy praise
Could not thy love repay.

Amazing you should notice me,
Great God of heaven and earth,
To comfort me, to be my guide,
Who am so little worth.

To give me food from day to day,
To be my constant friend,
To grant me clothing, peace, and health,
O many blessings send.

To grant thine aid since life began,
To shelter, pity me,
O let me all thy gracious acts
With deep devotion see.

My gratitude and thanks are weak,
For prayer so often heard,
For joy oft ministered to me,
My kind and gracious Lord.

LAMENT.

And must he die, that noble Indian prince—
And must his early youth extinguished be ;
Thus fade his high resolves—his lofty hopes.
And must his virtues great oblivion see—
Is there no pity, must a savage grim
Wet his rude axe in such a prince's blood ;
Alas, there is no hope, no aid is nigh,
He falls unwept, the noble and the good.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BELOVED FRIEND.

She was the sister of my early days,
We strayed together in the grassy field ;
We sat together where the streamlet play's,
And where you aged beech its cool shade yields.

We pulled the pretty flowers from the bank,
We wove our garlands with the flowery gems ;

The birds trim'd for their sweet music we did thank,
And we admired while we listened them.

We talk'd together of the future years,
Of years that were but to cement our love ;
We told each other of our hopes and fears,
A destiny united, fondly wove.

Ah, she did love me then ! the tender tear
Would fall in sympathy when mine did flow,
And when the sunshine of my joy was clear,
A smile in unison her face would show.

'Tis marvelous the change that's in her heart,
She loves no more the sister of her youth ;
And sad reality has bade us part,
My heart is crushed beneath the world's stern
truth.

THE CHILD O'ER HIS DEAD MOTHER.

My mother ! O my mother ! wake,
And tell me what you ail—
I want to see a glad smile break
O'er your features sweet and pale,
Do raise your eyes, their look was dear
When fondly viewing me ;
I want the kiss on my cheek here
I always had from thee.

My mother ! O my mother ! speak,
Your lips are very white ;
No red is in your cold, cold cheek,

I cannot bear the sight.
 Thy tender voice O let me hear,
 Thy words so kind and mild—
 I'm weeping many a bitter tear,
 Look on your sorrowing child.

My mother ! O my mother ! look,
 The sun shines in the sky—
 Fresh flowrets from the garden brook,
 Upon your bosom lie.
 I've kissed thee for the hundredth time,
 I have pressed thine icy hand ;
 Nor yet hath said that prayer of mine,
 You bade me understand.

Thy dear, dear mother, little child,
 Will not wake here—she's dead,
 And her pure spirit, meek and mild.
 Unto its God has fled.
 She loves you still, and from on high
 Behold's her little boy ;
 She blesses you, then do not cry—
 Her God can give you joy.

My mother, mother, I will come
 To Heaven, if thou art there—
 Where thou dost dwell shall be my home,
 Thy smiles will make it fair.
 I'll ask your God if I may go,
 Dear mother ask him too ;
 Sweet Heaven must be bright I know,
 That shelter's such as you.

THE WHIP-PO-WILL.

Cease not thy song lone Whip-po-will,
 Thy music lend the night,
 For other birds their richer strains
 Will grant with morning's light ;
 But now, when silence breathes around
 On this bright summer eve,
 Thy notes from the dark wild wood come,
 And sweet impressions leave.
 Sweet homely bird like friendship true,
 When night with hiding shade,
 Has wrapt day's brightness all in gloom,
 Thy welcome notes are paid.
 Friends oft are found when we have joy,
 But not to share our sorrow ;
 Then friendship's voice should soothe our woe,
 We may not need to-morrow.

THE OLD RUINED MILL.

An old ruined mill in a wild forest is a melancholy sight. There are many such in Canada. There, pewits build their nests, lizards crawl and wild grasses and flowers wildly bloom.
 Surrounded by hills where the hemlock and pine,
 Luxuriantly evergreen grow,
 A fabric is seen long sinking with age,
 Once the strongest of buildings I trow ;
 Now des'late to view 'tis an old ruined mill,
 And the sound of its large wheel forever is still.

Its timbers are mossy, grown dark with decay,
Wild grain in its crevices wave,
And lovely wildflowers there hold up there head,
As if watching the mill and its grave
And the Pewitt has hung her nest to a beam,
T' enliven this wreck of old time it would seem.

Oh where is its pond, bright sparkling of yore,
And its minature cataract that fell ;
O'er these green mossy logs it boundeth no more,
No more do we hear its white rushing swell ;
Gone, save the path where the bright waters flowed,
Wild grass and flowers in its place are bestowed.

A bridge partly broken affords a rude way,
O'er the deep woody chasm that yawns from below,
And when the old mill, in its prime worked away,
The timber wain used o'er this old bridge to go ;
It, too, has departed, and the old ruined mill,
Is brooding in silence, 'neath the hemlock clad hill.

There's a story about this old ruined mill,
That it witnessed a murderous deed ;
Here lover's rude hand did the precious blood spill,
Caus'd the warm beating heart of his Cath'rine to
bleed ;
And now it is whispered if at night you there go,
Your ears will be startled with groanings and wo.

THE WINTER SUNSHINE.

Welcome sunshine, welcome glit'ring thing,
More than the light that diamonds bring,
I hail thee on this frosty morn,
Whilst snow and ice the earth adorn ;
Cheering nature, and glad'ning all
Where'er thy gen'rous smile doth fall.
Thou givest warmth to the rudest cot,
And peepest in each dismal spot ;
Smiling on the humble poor as free,
As on the rich of high degree ;
Constant sunshine pure bright and free,
The rich and poor are alike to thee.

Not so the wealth of sordid gold,
Its niggard gifts the rich do hold ;
Not so the diamonds of the mine,
Their beauties beam for ladies fine ;
But thou fair sunshine brighter are
Than golden ore or diamond's star.

To thee I'll give my warmest praise,
Blest be thy light, thy gen'rous rays ;
Welcome ever, welcome in my room
To drive from thence the winter's gloom ;
Cheer then ever my home retreat,
A grateful heart thy smile will greet ;
Shine pure sunshine, shine pure on all,
From lordly seat to cottage wall.

The little boys they welcome thee
Whilst piling snow with youthful glee,

Those little birds all twittering sweet ;
 Thy radiant presence gladly greet ;
 The poultry near the granary door
 With cheerful noise thy warmth adore.
 Unsheltred cattle from the night
 Are thanking thee for generous light :
 Yon beggar with his thin clad breast,
 Thy rays upon his heart do rest ;
 From mourner deep to laughing boy,
 From high to low thou givest joy ;
 Once more, then sunshine, take my praise
 For welcome light and warming rays.

SPOIL NOT THAT FLOWER.

O ! spoil not that flower of its lovely home—
 Let it bloom in its humble sphere,
 To praise and to false admiration unknown,
 Innocence and content it may wear.

Though beauteous its fair form appears to your
 eye,
 Where no rival beside it does shine,
 Too soon its meek beauty neglected may lie,
 For prouder exotics more fine.

Rend not then the flower from this lonely shade,
 Where its beauties are raised to the view ;
 Torn from its quiet nook too soon it will fade,
 For, alas ! the world wither's simplicity's hue.

The let it here rest, where the calm summer breeze

So gently will fan its meek head ;
Where the song of the robin is heard from the trees,
And the balm of soft peace will be shed.

Let it bloom 'neath this shade—'neath the shade let
it die,

Where its sweets have been scattered around,
Enliv'ning the waste and each wanderer's eye,
Who, by chance, the lone spot may have found.

When its season is past and its young life hath fled,
May the sweet-scented grass form its bed,
Where in life it was lovely lay down its sweet head,
Rest a poor artless flower, in the shade.

RECOGNITION.

He raised his head and beheld his child,
He thought it was her, but he knew when she
smiled

The soft blue eyes and her sunny hair,
Her rosy mouth with the dimples there,
Her youthful cheeks where health did glow,
And the smoothness of her classic brow.

What pleasanter sight could a father behold,
His heart bounded with joy as he wished to un-
fold.

This care, this treasure of fifteen years,
Of a father's hopes and a father's fears.
With a fairy step the girl drew near,
'Twas, indeed, her father, and she dropped a tear,

Her heart was warm, and a year had flown
Since she saw that face she loved to own.

My father, she uttered with her own sweet voice,
My father, and that father did rejoice
When he pressed his child to his reverend breast,
While he kissed her cheek and the dear one blest,
While he looked in her eyes, and their mellow
light

Reminding of years that had taken flight.
Her mother once more in her semblance did see,
As she looked so he thought when she wedded
me,

As she looked before heaven had called her there,
Which had bathed his cheek with many a tear,
Though he knew God just, and he thanked him
now

For his child, as he once more pressed her brow.

THE YOUNG CARTER.

The night was chill, and drizzling rain
Was falling fast around,
And not a star in the bleak sky
My watchful eye had found.

My mantle o'er my breast I drew,
For biting was the blast,
And to my not far distant home
My steps were hurrying fast.

I had reached the valley of Springfield,

Where pines in clusters grow,
And many an hill of nature rose
In dark and rugged hue.

No sound was floating in the air,
No being met my sight.
But here and there a cottage lent
The gloom a cheerful light.

The brook is reached that idly brawls,
From morning until eve,
It tempts my feet to linger here,
Its gossip to believe.

But, hark ! a cry and sorrow too
Is in that dismal wail,
From whence does come the mournful sound,
'Tis from this lonely Vale.

Yes, close above the spot I stand,
This frowning hill below
Presents to me a scene in life,
A view of human woe.

A youth sits on the cold wet ground,
His hardy cheeks are brown,
And from his cheeks where sorrow reigns
The tears are streaming down.

'Tis strange, but true, beside him lay
A poney wounded sore,
Its head lay near his throbbing breast,
The youth was stroking o'er.

A cart and harness near the scene,
The poney's labors tell,
He'll never draw that cart again,
He has often drew so well.

Poor beast, he'd fallen from the road
That wound around this hill,
His anguish broke the dismal night,
Before so very still.
And there he lay in anguish deep,
In pain that would him kill.

Companions were that boy and horse
Through many a weary day,
Together they had braved the storm
In poverty's hard way.

The youth's old father, too, relied
Upon them for support,
The boy felt this, he stroked again,
The poney's deadly hurt.

No human aid was nigh to help,
He raised his head on high,
Poor boy, to scan the secret gloom,
But sees no succour nigh.

It was then I heard the mournful cry,
God heard the sorrow too,
And comfort sent to that kind youth,
To prayer ever true.

THE WRONGED ONE.

Oh, yes ! she felt the wrong, and deeply, too,
I saw it in her eyes of flashing blue,
Her ruffled brow, first pale, then crimson'd cheek ;
The grief that swelled her heart no tongue could
 speak,
The smiling lips that quiver'd, struck with woe,
The snowy breast that heav'd when not a tear would
 flow.

A change came o'er her, then a noble scorn
Sat on her brow where high soul'd thoughts adorn,
Her flashing eyes shot glances of disdain,
A haughty spirit struggled free to reign ;
Proud anger glow'd upon her downy cheek,
Where beauty dwelt too pure for vice to meet.

Another change, sweet girl ! I could have thought
Thou wast an angel pure this world had sought,
And while I gazed, sweet wrong'd one, I became
A villain, in my sight remorseful pain
Seized on my heart, it wished its falsehood o'er,
And felt the innocence, I'll never injure more.

She raised her head to heaven, light divine
Broke o'er her features, charity did shine
In her pure eyes illumed with bliss the while,
Her lovely face betrayed a forgiving smile,
She meekly bowed her head submissive to her God,
And welcomed with a smile the chastening rod.

Her lips were moving now in secret prayer,

Such fervent aspirations Heaven will hear,
 And then she bent on me her dove like eyes,
 She clasped her hands, while slowly did arise
 A prayer for me, peace filled her pious breast,
 No malice now could harm her—she was blest.

BREATHE NOT HER NAME.

O breathe not her name, she has forsaken the
 path

That was pointed with care as her way,
 She's forgotten the virtue that brightened her
 youth,

And wildly the wanderer's astray.

Ah! can I forget, when she sat by my side,
 Learning lessons of wisdom and truth,
 When she valued true goodness, and virtuous acts
 call'd

From her heart the warm praises of youth.

She was lovely in feature, and graceful in form,
 With a voice that was silvery clear;
 O could I restore her once more to my heart,
 As once, when both virtuous and fair.

Ah, no! she's so altered, no tears can restore
 The frail wanderer again to my breast;
 My trust it is broken, my hope is destroyed,
 And as strangers we meet and we part.

I am left but to weep o'er those past happy years
 That promised affection more strong.

Now the union is broken, and cheerlessly I
Am deeply feeling the wrong.

O breathe not the name I once lov'd so well,
There is sorrow to me in the sound ;
But let me forget it, that sadness may flee,
Nor with memory so cruelly wound.

LOWLY GEMS.

O sorrow ! sorrow ! various are thy ways
To wound the human heart ;
And this is one, where we have loved and trusted
There to find unworthiness.

HOPE.

Lay thy throbbing temples down,
Try to banish sorrow ;
Morning followeth the night,
Joy may beam to-morrow.

MY GOOD OLD FATHER.

No Harry, no, I cannot leave
My good old father—
It would cause his aged eyes to grieve,
And sorrow to his heart would cleave,
If I should go and thus deceive
My good old father.

He stroked my head in infancy,
My good old father ;

And praised my eyes and called them blue,
He pat my cheeks, and kissed them too,
And sang me many a song he knew,
My good old father.

I knew no mother, but I had
My good old father ;
He taught me how to lisp and play,
And smiled whenever I was gay,
And his hand led me on the way,
My good old father.

He's been my kind protector long,
My good old father ;
He taught me oft' the sacred page,
The lore of many a learned sage,
And of the past and present age,
My good old father.

And now his once dark locks are gray,
My good old father ;
And his once brilliant eyes are dim—
If I should leave who will read to him ;
Relieve his wants despite each whim,
My good old father.

I love you, but I cannot leave
My good old father ;
Adieu ! dear Harry, may you know
All joy this life can ere bestow,
While gratitude I stay to show
My good old father.

THE INFANT'S SMILE.

A mother was weeping,
Her baby was sleeping
On a neat little couch by her side,
She was heavily sighing,
To banish grief trying,
When the infant awoke and it smiled.

Gone now her sorrow,
Her face a smile did borrow,
As she pressed the soft cheek of her child,
She caressed him with gladness,
Joy mastered all sadness,
Again the sweet infant did smile.

For herself hope was fading,
But her boy so engaging
Claimed a mother's fond hope for her child,
And her prayer besought Heaven's
Kindest blessings to be given
To the sweet little one that so smiled.

RESIGNATION.

Why should I e'er be seen to weep,
Or ever heard to sigh,
While God perpetual vigils keep
In mansions Heavenly.
Though sorrow seize with all its pain
Despair its darkness lay,

For hope to cheer thy breast again,
Remember you must pray.

Is God to hear thy grief to high,
Or is He then less kind,
Than formerly when His soft relief
Thy sufferings did find.

God hears the lowest feeble cry
Your aching heart may raise,
With every groan ascendeth high
His ear attention pays.

If grief with leaden weight has fell
Too heavy on thy breast,
And earth no longer looketh well,
Yet adversity is the best.
Your faith is tried—you feel, indeed,
You are not for earth alone,
In grief its vanity you read
But Heaven's your final home.

In nature's wonderful pages see
Your Heavenly Father's care.
His bounteous hand is opened free,
All living creatures share.
Each tree—each flower within this land
His gracious love has set,
Let faith then as a firm rock stand,
Thou be never can forget.

THE RANGER OF BEACHWOOD.

The fairest of ladies rode out one day
On a beautiful coal black steed,
Its housings was rich and her habit was gay,
And the gems on her hat had many a ray,
And she canter'd with gentle speed.

She entered a forest of noble trees,
Deck'd with leaves of a shining green
That gracefully played with the summer breeze,
And sheltered the antlered deer she sees,
A springing with graceful mien.

A bough kissed her locks, the breeze seemed to woo
The roses that dwelt on her cheek,
And the sparkling sun in his home of blue
Warmed her snowy brow with his smile so true,
And the lady's air was sweet.

The birds loudly sang in their leafy bowers
With music that soothed the ear,
And her pleased eye sought for various flowers,
Growing by her path wet with dewy showers,
Geming the green grass near.

Still the lady, she cantered the forest along,
Her bosom was happy and gay,
And innocent thoughts in her breast did throng,
When the horse became startled at something
among
The bushes too near the pathway.

Away sprang the horse, it snorted and rear'd

Till the lady's courage did fail,
When a ranger bold through the green leaves peer'd,
He marked her danger, his steps soon neared
To help the lady so pale.

The mad palfry's speed was quickly stayed
By the forester's stalwart arm,
The swooning fair one in safety was laid,
He knelt by her side, kind attentions paid
Till the lady's cheek grew warm.

He parted the locks from her temples so white
For the summer's wind to cool,
He gazed on the lady's beauty in sight
Till his manly heart was warmed by the sight,
And chaste was the love that ruled.

The lady soon opened her eyes to the day,
And blushes then mantled her cheek,
For she saw on the breast of a stranger she lay,
Yet she kindly thanked the bold forester gay
In grateful tones most sweet.

The lady once more on her palfry was placed,
But the forester guided her rein,
And the lady's eyes as the stranger they traced,
Saw his noble form no knight would disgrace,
So handsome his features and mien.

He talked and she smiled till her castle drew near,
When the forester took his leave
In her chamber wrought with princely care,
Oft the lady wept and welcomed a tear,
And many the hour she grieved.

Why did her cheeks loose their rosy hue,
And what dimm'd the lady's eye?
She loved with a love most warm and true,
The forest scene oft her thought review,
With the Ranger of Beachwood nigh.

Three years had sunk in the gulf of time,
But the lady no longer wept,
For the heiress she sat of a lordly line,
An orphan lone, yet she did not pine,
Her sorrow with time had slept.

There is music and joy in her castle hall,
Where is the Ranger of Beachwood now,
He presses the lady's white hand so small,
The heiress is his, he is lord of all,
There is joy on her jewelled brow.

CANADA FAREWELL.

Farewell Canada, I am starting
From thy shores I love so well,
And my grief at thus departing
These few silent tears must tell,
I am leaving quite a stranger
To the land I am going to,
The ocean cross—brave every danger
That my journey may bestow.

I could dwell dear land forever
Neath the shadow of thy pines,
And no better land us sever

Nor a wish for fairer climes,
 My kind sister she is weeping
 And my father's face is pale,
 Thanks, dear friends, for thy kind greeting
 May your hopes and prayers prevail.

Farewell, Canada, I have wandered
 Through thy fields since infancy,
 In thy forest paths meandered
 Pulling moss so rich to me,
 And thy various flowers have gather'd
 From the brook or smiling mead,
 While the vocal warblers feathered
 Chanted praises sweet indeed.

Beloved ones that my heart is leaving
 I this scene will ne'er forget,
 Farewell, all, and cease thy grieving,
 Furthering but my regret,
 Adieu ! dear land, a wish I'm breathing
 For thy safety and welfare,
 May you prosper—plenty cleaving
 To thy shores will be my prayer.

THE SOLITARY FLOWER.

Why dost thou bloom so sweetly lone flower ?
 Amidst the grassy waste thy beauty bounds,
 Rising like some magnificent old tower
 Among decaying gloom that it surrounds.
 Sweet solitary, say, why art thou here ?
 Where no admiring eye thy beauties see,

To live in such a gloomy forest drear,
Obscurely—live, die, and forgotten be.

Come, I will bear thee from this hiding place,
Thou lovely, lone, perfuming flower,
Thy painted velvet leaves and slender grace.
Are meet to grace some lady's genial bower,
There thou wilt bloom in splendor bright,
And lovely belles will pause to gaze
On thy fair form of tinted white,
Bestow, for thy perfume deserved praise.

There thou wilt meet with proud exotics rare
Scenting the air with their rich perfume,
Still thou modest tinted flower fair,
Thou wilt eclipse their boasted bloom.
How canst thou love this bare and stilly spot,
Beneath this enveloping curtain hide,
Thy native air and home will be forgot
Amid new scenes of pleasure to abide.

Why did I tear thee from thy native soil,
Already thy fragile form begins to stoop,
To rob solitude of thy charms so toil,
In thy new home a stranger see the droop.
Sol is destroying its delicate faint head,
Deprived of the nutriment where once it grew,
This languishing injured flower is dead,
Its faded curling leaves the ground bestrew.

MY VILLAGE HOME.

My village home, my village home,
And art thou still the same
As when I frolic'd o'er thy green
Or laughed upon thy plain ;
Thy grassy lanes, and are they there
And the ancient trees of yore,
To screen my head from sunny rays
My straying feet did lure.

My childhood's home, my childhood's home,
And can there still be found
The mossy cowship crowned bank,
And the stream with speaking sound,
Its shining pebbles I have viewd,
My joyous feet have laved
Or stood with pride to view the form
Thy glittering waters gave.

My girlhood's home, my girlhood's home,
O, no, I have not forgot
The pleasant, lonely, silent wood,
And the ruined sylvan spot ;
Of the peeping abbey's decayed walls,
The weed-covered fragment seat,
The ivy'd gray and time worn stone
With olden time replete.

My youthful home, my youthful home,
My sweet cottage retreat,
The winding pathway to thy door

My feet no more may greet.
At eventide the lowing cows
Would warn me to the throng
Of lightsome, merry, village maids
With pail and milking song.

My native home, my native home,
The village inn and church;
The sweetly scented road that took
Me to thy sacred porch,
The antique mansion on the hill,
The abode of ancient state,
The elm tree edged plat before
Thy old fashioned figured gate.

THE AFGHAN GIRL.

O war is still raging in India's far land,
And deep is the crimson that's dying its strand,
Fierce burns the flame that's consuming its life,
With plunder and carnage its fair scenes are rife.

O turn but your ear to the Afghan shore
And list the loud booming of the cannons roar,
Now, hark ! to the clashing of sabre and spear,
With the falling of edifices ages did rear.

Mark the bloody field strewed with the wreck of the
dead,

Oft forming a pillow for the dying head,
And pity's meek eye would be tearful to own
The despair and the anguish of each passing groan

See yon high crested chieftain whose valorous arm
Did often the enemy's power disarm,
His prostrate abasement, his bright shiver'd sword,
How truly they tell of our gracious Lord's word.

Plainly does agony exult on his brow,
How lived the lips, and once bright cheeks are now,
And the light of his once flashing eyes are so pale,
The last sigh he has uttered for ambition a tale.

Here the high born and lowly in one ruin are laid,
Before death's ghastly visage this world's glory must
fade,
Though fames glory to youth is a bright shining
gem,
The garland is withered when hung on death's stem.

O look to that spot where destruction's harsh hand
Is inciting to murder yon savage white band,
All the fury of war marks their merciless tide,
Their own Maker's image in their brethren to hide.

Exposed in the battle all danger to face
See that desperate old man of the Afghan race,
How costly the jewells his turban doth bear,
His valour and diamonds great interest share.

Punishment he is dealing to each mercenary slave,
That for plunder would slay the best and the brave,
But at length overpowered—an insidious blow
Stretches the venerable chieftain low.

The pitiless weapon is lifted once more
To be sheathed in his bosom making death sure,

But his cruel aggressor is on the earth laid
His murderous design the last forfeit has paid.

What mysterious power has proved so kind
At this critical moment death's claims to unbind,
Behold that lovely form by the old hero thrown,
Her complexion the India's clime doth own.

Richly robed is that Afghan girl,
Her raven hair gemmed with the rarest of pearl,
And that slender girlish, yet dignified form,
Successfully the instrument of death has drawn.

She the fury of battle with courage did brave,
Her young life exposed her dear father's to save,
Her heroism succeeds, he is withdrawn from the
fight,

By his out-numbered followers from death a respite

But short is the triumph, life's vision is past,
With their citadel taken he breathed his last,
Mid the blackest of horrors that follow war's train
See the lifeless body of the old hero lain.

His daughter is there supporting his head
While grief's tender tokens are expressively shed,
Her heroism, her sorrow melts each rugged breast,
And sympathy claims for her noble distress.

She weeps o'er the chieftain the filial tear,
She murmurs, my father, as if death must him spare,
All in vain for that father no love can awake,
And that captive maid's sorrow time only can
break.

THE PILGRIM.

Stranger rest thy weary feet,
Our cloister is hard by,
Between this wood its windows peep,
Its turrets greet the sky.

Our Abbot is a generous man,
And kind to strangers all,
He will make you happy if he can,
Wine and good cheer will call.

I cannot stay the stranger said,
Good father I'm in haste,
The lovely maid I vowed to wed,
I seek from place to place.

The fairest lady in the land,
The beauty of Longburn,
The pride of Ingles' glowing strand,
Good father I now mourn.

She left a loving father's side,
A noble rich is he,
Her friends and home by Ingles tide,
Father, to wed with me.

Her note that would have told me all,
And whither she would rest,
A careless messenger let fall,
Thus grief distracts my breast.

And I must seek from east to west,
From north to south must hie,
A weary pilgrim without rest,

To find the maid or die.

Yet, tarry thou, the friar said,
From this sun's burling heat,
Describe to me thy lovely maid,
I'll help thee for to seek.

Her bright hair hath the raven's hue,
Good father, and her eye
Is rich with beauty, black is, too,
Changeful as the summer's sky.

Her face it is divinely fair,
A model is her form,
Her name is on this semblance dear,
From my fond breast withdrawn.

There are pilgrims at our Holy Shrine,
We may enquire of them,
A lady fair, and perhaps she's thine,
Rested since the hour of ten.

Good father, thank thee, I will go
And rest my weary feet,
That lady fair I fain would know,
For news thy pilgrims greet.

They walked then for a little while
Among the shady trees,
The friar's features wore a smile
The lady fair he sees.

Stranger, behold the lady fair,
The friar loud he cries,
There, wave this signal in the air

Before she mounts and flies.

The lady stood by the convent wall,
Her palfry near her led,
The porter old some words did bawl,
The lady turned her head.

Onwards the friar and stranger came,
Her cheek grew very pale,
She knew her lover, seized her rein.
And soon was lost again.

'Tis her ! 'tis her! the stranger cried,
The beauty of Longburn,
It is her that was to be my bride,
Ah ! cruel maid return.

Her glance met mine, she knew me well,
And yet from me did fly,
Can she be false, my heart does swell,
I'll follow, find, or die.

Patience, young man, the friar said,
Do thou still here remain,
And I will seek thy cruel maid,
To love thee once again:

Falsehood, deceit, she lays to thee,
In anger was her flight,
My mule is swift, she will list to me,
Expect me ere 'tis night.

The friar soon was lost to view,
Beneath the shady wood,

He soon the lady's palfry knew,
Beside the river's flood.

He saw she often turned her head
And fondly gaze behind,
It told him where her thoughts still led,
That love still ruled her mind.

His mule went trotting on a pace,
The lady's horse went slow,
When by her side her lovely face
The signs of tears did show.

He told her that her love was true,
That sorrow on him lay,
Her smiles and tears were not a few
At what the friar did say.

The lady with the friar good
Joyful retraced her way,
She met her lover by the wood,
Upon his bosom lay.

The Holy Father made them one
Within his convent gray,
He blessed them by the setting sun,
They gold and thanks did pay.

LASS OF SHAWDON BRAE.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
Where hast thou wandered to this day ?
I have been by the river's side
Watching the sportive finny tribe,
I paused beside the streamlet's run
Viewing the trout in the noontide sun.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
What prolonged thy further stay ?
The robin seated in the hawthorne tree
Sweetly pouring its melody,
The lark and the blackbird's touching strain,
Listening their music I did remain.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
For what beside didst thou delay ?
To pull the flowers at my feet
The primrose and the violet sweet,
The valley's lilly with snowy hue
And the dewy cup of the hare bell blue.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
How much further didst thou stray ?
By the clacking mill near the village pool,
And I rested beneath some willows cool
Marking the laborous busy bee
Greet many a flower for the rich honey.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
Where did you wend your further way ?
To the ruined castle on the hill,

Its fissures the moss and ivy fill,
I passed in review by its time worn stone
Dreaming of ages that are gone.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
Thy descriptive tale resume, I pray—
I, musing, beheld the church yard scene
Where many a grave with grass is green,
And Heavenly thoughts their influence shed
As I viewed the last remains of the lowly dead.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
Your walk was pleasant on this fine day—
I found rare shells on the pebbly beach,
I viewed sea waves beyond their reach,
I sat on a rock, the dark sea above,
And a vessel I watched on the waters move.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
What more befell, tell me, I pray?
I strayed o'er the heath, the purple fern,
A drink I had from a cottage churn.
The cattle remarked in the old abbey's shade,
And peaceful sheep on the hill side laid.

Lovely lass of Shawdon Brae
In your wanderings great interest lay—
My rambles I thought should now be o'er,
And homeward I crossed the barren moor,
Here, kind Harry, you waited me to receive
And in nature's delight's you fully believe.

THE VALE FLOWER.

In yonder vale their lives a maid
We call her lovely Sally,
And oft to see her wild flowers cull
By the nearest stile I dally:
Of village maids she is the flower,
None can compare with Sally.
The village swains are all in love
With the maiden of the valley.

Her sparkling eyes are like the slœ,
Her locks like the raven's wing,
Unto her neck of snowy hue
The silken ringlets cling.
Her ruby lips, her pearly teeth,
The blushing cheeks of Sally,
With sunny smile and fairy form
She is the beauty of the valley.

When the village green tempts her to dance
So graceful and so airy,
Dressed in her best, with flowers gemmed
She is like a silvian fairy.
The lord of yonder proud state house
May wish to lure sweet Sally,
And wish in vain—her heart is pure,
Though nurtured in a valley.

Her cot by trees of ancient date
Is sheltered in the valley,
The woodbine near its windows climb

From the scented door with Sally.
To market ere the sun is up,
With dairy basket Sally,
Thoug poorly clad yet smiling face
As she sings along the valley.

O would this maid but smile on me,
But bloom within my bower;
My riches would a shelter gain
To protect my lovely flower.
Farewell, the ship my fortune made,
A greater prize is Sally,
In peace and love we then would live
With splendor in the valley.

Alas ! her charms are not for me,
A youth in the same valley
Receives her gladsome guileless smiles
And owns the heart of Sally :
And I must bear this rural scene,
No more by yon stile dally,
My heart seems breaking for the love
Of the maiden of the valley.

THE HERMIT OF THE DELL—A BALLAD.

A storm was in the evening sky
Threatening heavy rain,
A strong high wind rustled the leaves
Tinted with summer's wane.

Darker became the forest's shade,
Hoarsely a cataract fell,
To this thick wood its angry sound
Came from an unseen dell.

A martial youth of noble form
Rode on a gallant steed,
Long bewildered in the forest maze
Changes now his fiery speed.

The trappings of the horse were rich,
The youth's helmit shone with gold,
In knighthood's gayest dress arrayed
Once beauntions to behold.

The scarff that from his shoulder hung
He now drew across his breast,
The trees had the azure satin rent
With the feathers in his crest.

The youthful knight he hung his head
With helmet off his brow,
With care, beheld, all nature changed
Heard the thunder rattle now.

No habitation blest his sight,
No shelter met his eye,
The lightning flashed, and now the rain
Fell in torrents from the sky.

His jaded steed he gave the rein
Quite hopeless with despair,
For he had wandered since last eve,
Alas ! he knew not where.

Hunger upon his vitals pressed
He could not satisfy,
Water, not a drop to wet his lips
And they were burning dry.

At length an opening blest his sight,
His steed was trusted well,
He steadily finds a forest path
Ending in a peaceful dell.

The knowing steed quickens his pace,
On the young knight's ear there fell
At intervals amidst the storm
The sound of a vesper bell.

It ceased, a pious voice arose
In prayer, and sang a hymn,
The gallant youth now shelter spied
Through the evening shades so dim.

The mossy cell of an anchorite
Near which bubbling water fell,
The cross and bell both plainly say
A hermit here does dwell.

Sweet flowers kissed the limpid fount
That bubbled from the rock,
And higher up the shady dell
Was seen the torrents shock.

The youth dismounted from his steed
To enter the mossy cell,
Carved images and pictures graced
This shelter of the dell.

The kneeling hermit heard a step,
His aged form arose,
He leaned him on his faithful staff,
His silver hair free flows.

His gray beard to his girdle reached,
Sandals decked his bare feet,
Rosary and cross with flowing robe
The hermits dress complete.

Nobleness in his mild face shone,
Benevolence there was set,
Pious dignity shone in his gaze
When the kneeling youth he met.

The knight he, reverend father cried,
Your mercy here I crave,
Protect me from this cruel storm,
From thirst and hunger save.

Welcome, my son, the hermit said,
To what this cave can give,
Earth's simple fruits I only claim,
Freely partake and live.

The hermit a squire's office did
To the exhausted knight,
At the motto on his pennon graded
The hermit's face grew white.

He took the helmet off his head,
He wrung his rain-soaked hair.
The knight's cold limbs he kindly chafed

And spoke him words of cheer.

The knight thus used, sincerely blest
The hermit of the dell,
He begged the reverend sage his life,
Unto him he would tell.

Not now, my son, the sage replied,
And a sigh escaped his breast,
To morrow when thy strength returns,
This night must see thee rest.

He led him to his leafy couch,
He hummed a lullaby,
With pleasure saw, despite the storm,
His quietly closed eye.

The hermit then folded his hands
An Ave Maria said,
And peacefully his bending form
On a bed of rushes laid.

Next morn before the sun arose
The hermit left his bed,
Caparisoned the grazing steed
And to the cell him led.

The sleeping youth he next awoke
And spread the morning's fare,
His blessing gave, then staff in hand
To show the way prepared.

Holy Father ! the young man cried,
Your life to me now tell,

As we descend this mountain path
And track this lonely dell.

My deeds, dear son, the hermit said,
By wandering bards are sung,
Within thy father's splendid halls
Oft has my fame been rung.

The Earl of Selden's son thou art,
Thy father fixed my fate,
He spoiled me of my rank and land
By falsehood to the State.

The knight of Otha's field you see,
Droop not, I can forgive,
My false friend's treachery time has dimm'd.
With God in peace I live.

My son, arise, kneel not to me,
With pleasure I restore
Thee to a father's loving arms
Refreshed at his exile's door.

The youth knelt on the mountain side,
Bathed the hermit's feet with tears,
Honors, he cried, shall still be thine
If Heaven my life spares.

The hermit smiled, he raised the youth,
But shook his silvery head,
Here let me live unknown and poor,
Ambition's wish has fled.

He pointed with his staff the way,
When you the Earl of Selden tell
Of this adventure, and my name
It is the Hermit of the Dell.

THOUGHTS ON VICE.

Pause, mortals, in your life's career,
Inspect the road you run,
The flowery paths of vice beware,
Her false allurements shun.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship's sweet name thy holy love
Is borrowed from the skies,
A solace thou on earth dost prove,
A sacred healing prize.

THE HEMLOCK TUFT.

A tender tuft of the hemlock tree
The spring had called to birth,
I, thoughtless, pressed so rudely
That it fell upon the earth.
The parent bush next I roughly tried
Its aged fringe to wound,
But it grown strong by time, defied
My feeble power to wound.

And thus I thought it was with life
When tender youth was pressed

Too rudely by this world's strife
He seeks the grave for rest.
The grief that seems to youth so hard
The aged sight scarce see,
And silver locks life's storms will brave
Like the parent hemlock tree.

And time will steel the tender heart
And blunt the youthful sorrow,
The cares that seem so hard to day
Will be forgot to morrow,
And lovely hope will bloom again
Though death its blossoms see,
And joy, though nipt, once more revive
Like the tuft of the hemlock tree.

RUNAWAY RECLUSE.

'Twas evening, and the dying sun
The abbey decked with light,
Its windows and its stately dome
Were blazed with beauty bright,
Trees rich with foliage decked the ground,
Spread like a flowery pall,
The canopy of Heaven over head
With ruby tints did fall.

The vesper bell had ceased to toll
Within each convent cell,
The Nuns were kneeling humbly,
Their heads to the cross fell,

Plainly clad in habits gray
 Their orisons were said,
 Daily, to Mary throned on high,
 This nunery favor paid.

One form in robes of snowy hue
 Bent not to our lady's shrine,
 Tho' her clasped hands were rais'd to heaven
 Her eyes with pleasure shine,
 Oppression fierce had placed her there,
 This night a lover bold
 Vowed to release the fair recluse,
 Her hand in wedlock hold.

The midnight bell has toll'd the hour,
 A stealthy step is heard—
 A knight's—within the abbey walls,
 He breathes the love watchword,
 With morning's ray the fair recluse
 Became a baron's bride,
 A fairer dame was never seen
 Than her of Brackden's side.

THE SWEET—THE STING.

A nest of bees, young Mary cries
 Unto her cousin Jane,
 I think is in this hollow log,
 Honey we may obtain.

Take care, my dear, said cousin Jane,
 Though honey's sweet to eat,

Remember you the sting may get,
But nothing of the sweet.

Young Mary the rich dainty store
In thought now filled her mind,
And busy like was soon employed
The honey cells to find.

Buz went a bee, she heeded not,
So she obtained the prize,
That passing bee soon in revenge
Stung one of her blue eyes.

She shrieked with pain, but would not let
Her labor thus be lost ;
She heeded not Jane's to come home,
The rubbish still she tossed.

But luckles Mary's fate was come,
Of bees rushed out a score,
Hands, neck, and face they cruelly wound
Regardless of her roar.

With hazel twig she laid about
And killed many a bee,
Bonnet in hand, such havoc made
Till alive none could she see.

And now she rushed towards her prize,
The nest safely to secure,
Alas ! the cells with young were filled,
No honey now did lure.

Poor Mary with vexation screamed,
Soothed by the gentle Jane ;

My dear, the world's sweets oft deceive,
The sting only does remain.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

Droop not young wife,
Nor weep such piteous tears,
Though he thy bosom's lord
Hath proved unkind,
The world is full of woe and thou must bear a part.
I know 'tis hard, thy woman's trust thus blighted—
Thy last fond hope destroyed,
Yet patience, thou, the load may disappear,
And sunny love may yet be thine,
He may repent him of his cruelty.
If time, stern tutor doth reveal to thee
Thou art deceived, and he resolved is to be a tyrant,
Still try dry tears, trust thou in God for he can
Heal thy wound, though bitterly it
Rankles in your heart.
Ask thou for peace, and he will give it thee,
Seek thou the heavenly balm, it is already thine ;
What though you sit so desolate to weep,
And think the grave can only give you rest.
Droop not ! I say, for He who rules the world
Can be thy comforter: entreat Him, and he will
Ne'er forsake thee in thy grief ; though man hath
Failed God cannot fail. Oh ! then, how truly
Rich are all his promises.
I feel for thee, young wife,

I see thy cheeks are pale,
 That hope no longer beameth in thine eyes:
 But day and day to thee are all the same ;
 What prospect in the morrow—
 Yet droop not.
 Hope can revive again, when nip'd and blighted
 Joy doth return again, though long departed,
 And smiles be ours instead of tears.
 As sunshine in the world dispels the darkness,
 One joy can yet be thine : 'tis not a small one—
 The consolation sweet of doing what is right ;
 The peace which flows from virtuous ways and deeds:
 Then, if thy husband wrong thee, wrong not him.
 If he neglect his duty, forget not thine,
 For evil God hath said return thou good.
 Obey, and He will bless thee with His peace—
 Thy heart will smile when thy meek face is grave.

LINES TO A LITTLE BIRD.

Yes, lift thy voice in gladness soft singer of the
 wood,
 In thankfulness for thy joys to the giver of all good ;
 Be free and happy now, and tune thy notes of praise,
 Perchance some lonely wanderer's low spirits you
 may raise,
 One cares for thee, He loveth all: let thy sweet mu-
 sic tell
 There is a brighter world than this where ransomed
 spirits dwell,

And charm the fainting pilgrim that travels life's
rough plain,
Singing the way to yon blue sky, and bid him smile
again.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

I was friendless and God was my friend,
In want, and food He did send,
I was drooping with sickness and woe,
I was hopeless of comfort below.

When lonely 'mid earth's busy scene
How brightly did his presence beam,
And my weeping met no pitying eye,
Then I thought of that friend in the sky.

Blessed Father of mercy and truth,
The hope and the guide of my youth,
When you bade me no longer to pine
I was cheered for the promise was thine.

May I ever obey thy kind voice,
Nor repine when thy portions my choice,
But remember all hardships are sweet
That conduct to the Heavenly retreat.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Rest on dear infant in the sleep of death,
Poor little babe thy sufferings now are o'er,

So early nipt!—how fleeting was thy breath
 Soon snatched away, and thou wilt weep no more.

Short was the time thy mother was allow'd
 To feel a mother's joy illume her breast,
 Poor feeble wailer, e'er she saw the shroud
 Prepare her infant for its final rest.

Thy little life was in continual pain,
 Death marked thee from thy sad untimely birth,
 A mother's tenderness for thee was vain,
 Brief was thy journey on this rugged earth.

In vain would a mother's heart have bid thee stay
 If God had pleased to let thee here abide,
 Out to the skies though early called away
 Faith bids her say 'tis better thus she died.

Sleep, my lost babe in yonder little grave,
 Far from the world and all its bitter cares,
 The Lord is free to take the life he gave,
 His love encircles thee and dries thy tears.

Dear infant, born to suffering and to die,
 The pitying angel bore thee to a home,
 Formed in that Heavenly place above the sky,
 Where Cherubs sing around Jehovah's Throne.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

In vain do I languish and mourn,
 In vain I so often do sigh,
 For the pleasures will never return

I tasted in hours gone by.
 Bright morning seems ne'er to arise
 But to call to the labor I bear,
 And the sun in the red Western skies
 Relieves me not from my care.

Years rolleth away lost in time,
 But hope is denied to the slave,
 And the peace that to others do shine
 I only expect in the grave.
 My galley traverses the sea
 Long burnished by Italy's sun,
 Long seems the time unto me
 Since my life in that galley began.

The vine covered cot of my youth,
 The gray hills that belt my lost home,
 Where happiness below was a truth,
 Where the world and its snares were unknown.
 O ! could I behold once again
 My life with content I'd resign,
 Though sorrow had cast me her chain
 E'er manhood had lent me its prime.

The ruin with moss overgrown,
 Where Stella at evening I met,
 Where reciprocal love we did own,
 How can I that scene e'er forget.
 Vain wishes lie still in my breast,
 For still I must ply the rough oar ;
 My corpse in that land cannot rest
 When my tears and my groans are no more.

Once with freedom I mounted the steep,
 With glee the light chamois to chase,
 Cleared the rocks that with rivulets weep,
 And liberty's sweets I did taste.
 The zephyrs that fanned my young brow
 No freer did play than my heart,
 So changed by captivity now
 I wish for my life to depart.

THE TRANSPORT.

As twilight was fading from Sidney's shore,
 As sun's glorious beauty for this day was o'er,
 As bright skies of evening imparted its beam,
 And the stars purple canopy curtained the scene
 When a transport approached by sorrow oppressed,
 Looked up to Heaven and hoped for its rest.

Dark cloak enclosed him, his head was bent low,
 His words bespoke anguish, and keenly of woe,
 My country, he sighed, beyond the salt wave,
 Where exiled from thee may I soon find a grave,
 No sympathy here to this soil doth me bind,
 And my own native land every wish is entwined.

The flowers here blooming so lovely and bright,
 And scenes rich to nature are spread to my sight,
 The lilly and violet of my country's dell,
 The birds that in concert their tuneful throats swell,
 Or dearer to me each simpler charm,
 The land far away that I love still so warm.

My babes' rosy faces must I never more see,
 Nor the friend of my bosom smile sweetly on me ;
 The cot of my father, the church yard of yore,
 Where sleepeth my kindred, must I never see more
 Has he murmured the transport his throbbing bro
 pressed,

And I saw that the exile would fain be at rest.

The land of my birth I must never behold,
 Farewell to its comforts far dearer than gold ;
 I cannot forget 'thee though lost to my view,
 All the hopes and the joys in that country I knew ;
 All that binds to this earth with my country is lost
 And only a grave this lone shore I shall cost.

The night dews were falling upon his bare head,
 The glistening drops on his garments were spread,
 No thought from his country his devotion can spar
 Such a burden of sorrow his heart could not bear ;
 It is silent at last with the grief that oppressed,
 An Australian grave laid the exile at rest.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Come to the woodlands, come, my love,
 Mild Spring on the air is breathing,
 She maketh the little brooklets run,
 On the herbage emerald leaving.

Her voice is in the budding woods,
 The little birds has set to singing,
 The echoes low of distant floods,

Are sounds in the vales ringing,
 The hills look green as if with glee,
 Their verdure bright again is shining,
 Adown their sides leaps merrily
 Full many a stream all brightly gliding.

I've heard afar the blue jay's note,
 I've seen the dark crow flying by,
 I've heard the sparrows tuneful throat,
 Seen Flora's first bright butterfly.

Sweet joy within my bosom swells—
 The early spring brings joy and mirth,
 Praise him who in Heaven dwells,
 Who blesses thus the teeming earth.

THE FAIR CAPTIVE.

She sat on the cabin floor,
 And her golden tresses did flow
 To her heaving bosom of delicate hue,
 That might vie with the driven snow,
 And her meek eyes were raised to Heaven,
 For only from there could hope be given.

Her grey hair'd sire had fell
 Beneath their captor's sword,
 And she knew that her own death was sealed
 When tyranny gave the word,
 Yet there she sat with her placid smile
 With but one tear on her cheek the while.

'Tis true her cheek was pale,
And her chiseled lips dip move
In secret prayer for a mother afar,
And the noble youth of her love,
Yet peace was reflected from her lovely eyes
That spoke not of earth but told of the skies.

Insult on this high-minded girl
Had been heaped by the pirate crew,
And now the dread revel drew near,
Their footsteps and curses she knew,
But the soul of their victim has fled to Heaven,
'They knew by the smile to her features given.

DESTITUTE MAID.

Poor Carrie in shabby attire
Through street, square and alley, does roam,
Sweet lavender offers for sale ;
A penny she's thankful to own,
What hopes in a bunch of sweet lavender rest
To the victim of want, by misery oppressed.

Her cheeks they have grown very pale,
Once blooming as rose bud's new bloom,
Her step is so heavy and slow
Since joy from her bosom has flown,
Her eyes that once sparkled so brightly clear
Too often are drooping and hiding a tear.

In every street she beholds

Rich dainties the pastry cooks store,
When she for a crust is in pain
Though long she has labored so poor,
While she on a doorstep can but rest and weep
Thousands of her creatures on downy beds sleep.

How unequal are fortune's strange gifts,
While some in brocades are arrayed,
And carpets too hard for their feet,
Scarce clothed is the lavender maid,
While in coaches on cushions their soft limbs repose,
From morning till evening her weary feet goes.

A country there is far away,
A better-most land in the sky,
Where fate such reverses disdain,
And the virtuous poor never sigh,
Where the rich and the poor alike taste of Heaven,
To want and to sorrow strict justice is given.

THE MOON AND STARS.

Yon lamp suspended from on high,
The golden crescent Moon,
So firmly hung in the blue sky,
To earth so rich a boon ;
So lovely smiles above the trees,
That range of towering pines,
The parting clouds so fair relieves
The lovely light that shines.

Say, golden moon, from whence thou came
 With thy rich train of Stars,
 Thy mysteries, I pray, make plain
 That on my wisdom jars ?
 What bands doth keep thee from the earth
 So firm in the blue heaven,
 With starry gems of priceless worth,
 Say who thy light has given ?

Speculation cease, the Bible tells
 Of a Being good and great,
 Above the sky you admire dwells,
 Throned beyond all earthly state,
 The motions of that Moon directs,
 It moves, but at His nod,
 The countless stars of night He sets,
 Behold, and praise thy God.

LONEDALE.

I can go no more to Lonedale,
 Though the Spring time of the year,
 I can walk no more in Milton grove,
 Though the birds are singing clear,
 I can list no more the streamlet
 That warbles through the Vale,
 Nor view the lovely flowers that gem
 The meadows of Lonedale.

I can go no more to Lonedale,
 Nor to Milton Hall repair,

For Julia's voice of welcome —
Her tender smiles not there.
I could not bear her words if cold,
Nor see her brow of snow
Reveal a frown at my approach,
I, who have loved her so.

I can go no more to Lonedale,
Nor see its streamlet glide,
For Julia that once rambled there,
She is another's bride.
And I might see my Julia hang
Upon her husband's arm ;
And how could I the sight endure
And my love still so warm.

COTTER'S DAUGHTER.

Come tarry Cotter's daughter,
Come tarry here awhile.
For summer decketh nature,
And lends her shining smile.

There rest the Cotter's daughter,
On the flowers by this rill,
A tale of love I will unfold,
Reward me as you will.

Love binds me, Cotter's daughter
My choice it falls on thee,
Many an acre is my own, around

The halls of Broomley.

I will dress the Cotter's daughter
In silken robes most fine,
And pearls amid thy nut-brown hair
Resplendently shall shine.

A lady, Cotter's daughter,
A bride I'll make of thee—
Ah! silly maiden turn thy head,
Nor mark yon strolling bee.

Can'st love me Cotter's daughter,
Say, wilt thou wed with me—
Pshaw! heeding still the turtle doves
Upon yon alder tree.

Delights, fair Cotter's daughter,
Surrounds sweet Broomley Hall,
And every pleasure shall be thine
Silver or gold can call.

I cannot love thee, Broomley's squire,
The Cotter's maid replied,
And though in silks and jewels dressed
I would not be your bride.

A happy heart does beat beneath
My homely russet gown,
Deceit these flowers never own,
That gem my tresses brown.

Broomley's rich squire, I am to young

Thy helpmate for to be,
 Thy silver hair, my nut-brown locks
 Could never seemly be.

Tempt me no more with riches,
 Let my abode be still
 In the ivy Cottage by the grove
 Where curls a bubbling rill.

The woodlark sings my lattice near,
 Sweet flowers scent my room,
 My mother folds me to her breast,
 My father smiles at noon.

Then wonder not I do not smile,
 My hand and heart give thee,
 For a Cotter's happy daughter
 I only wish to be.

Farewell, sweet Cotter's daughter,
 Thou hast grieved this heart of mine,
 But when thine hand shall bless some youth,
 A rich dower shall be thine.

LADY AND FRIAR—A DITTY.

O stay ! O stay ! thee holy Friar,
 In pity for these weeds,
 And tell me if within yon fort
 A captive my lord bleeds.

Thou hast been there, kind, holy Friar,

A shrieving sinful man—
Relieve a wife from dreaded woe,
From anguish if you can.

No sinful man have I confessed,
Within yon castle strong;
Tell me in haste your mortal woe,
And why you suffer wrong.

O, Friar ! did you mark the slain
That round that castle lie,
Perhaps my dearest lord, alas !
With others there did die.

You could not pass his manly brow
Without a lingering glance,
His golden locks and azure eye
Has met thy gaze perchance.

It is not so fair lady sad,
He a stranger is to me,
And gladly would I calm thy woe,
And dry the tears I see.

Lady, farewell, my blessing take,
My matins are not said,
That I have vowed to our lady,
This morning should be paid.

Oh tarry yet thou holy Friar,
Upon my knees—I pray,
Spurn thou not the widow's prayer,
But list to what I say.

And tell me how I may obtain

Some tidings of my lord—
This ring present at Mossy Down,
And claim a rich reward.

A knight that loosed his iron chain
By treachery from the foe,
Delnden's knight, his motto truth,
To him for tidings go.

The lady's meek eyes flashed like fire,
While proudly she cried,
Friar, 'tis false, my noble lord
With baseness ne'er did side!

Dishonor never stained his shield,
Oft raised on battle ground,
Friar, beware, how thou dost broach
Such falsehood more around!

Sweet lady, moderate thine ire,
Thy husband's strange to me,
And Linden's knight, a lovely dame
Does bear him company.

Thy tale is false, thou Friar base,
Heaven be praised he is alive,
With tears I'll win my way to him,
Tho' danger strong betide.

Stay, Mary, stay, thy Linden's here
Concealed by Friar's dress,
From bondage free thy faith has proved,
Weep, Mary, on his breast.

FLOWER GIRL'S CRY.

The sun had tower'd above the hill,
 And tipt the mount with gold,
 When Rosa did her basket fill
 With flow'rets to be sold.

The maiden left her humble cot,
 In the market town to cry,
 Roses rare, and lilies fair;
 Ladies, will you buy ?'

Rosa's voice was rich and clear,
 When called forth by song,
 Her face was sweet, surpassing fair,
 With silken ringlets hung.

Her dimpled arm the basket bore,
 Where beauteous flowers lie,
 Whilst she sings, " My lilies fair,
 Come ladies, will you buy ?"

Her only care, that she may sell
 Her posies 'fore 'tis noon,
 And swift return then to the dell,
 To help her mother soon.

The sickly dame would then embrace
 Her child, with thanks to Heaven high,
 That roses rare and flow'rets fair,
 The city ladies e'er might buy.

The face of Rosa ne'er is sad,
 Ever cheerful is her smile,

She thus her parent's heart makes glad,
Rejoicing in her child.

Offers to part them Rosa scorns,
Though poor, content to cry—
"Roses rare, and lilies fair ;
Ladies, will you buy ?"

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

How fleeting are all earthly things,
Another day has gone,
And evening paints the Western sky
Where sank the summer's sun.

And thus the age of giddy youth
Is like a short lived day,
He smiles nor marks the rolling hours
That steals his bloom away.

'Tis night and many a silver star
The firmament does gem,
The crescent moon does shine amid
Her starry diadem.

The birds have hushed their vesper hymns,
And sweetly they repose,
Thus Heavenly peace my bosom fill
When life to me shall close.

Thus we should learn by flying time
The passing of a day,
To lay rich treasures up in Heaven
When death shall call away.

ADDRESS TO A FAVORITE COW.

My father's cow, a mooly rare,
As ever gave white milk so clear,
Stand there and chew thy cud ;
I loved to see thy streaked face,
Thy mild cow eyes now keep thy place,
'Tis pleasant where thou stood.

Once I was called when quite a child
To view thy form, a calf most wild,
Within yon pasture green ;
I saw thy jumping with surprise,
With grief I heard thy bleating cries,
For thou wast hard to wean.

And then when thou hadst grown a cow,
And hopes and fears had crossed my brow,
And youth's sweet golden dreams,
I loved to wander at my will
In search of thee by wood and rill,
When summer deck'd the scenes.

Now mooly thou art changed by time,
For thou art old, and offspring thine
Are resting in the yard ;
And I am changed, the earth no more
Will shine as then ; my dreams are o'er—
This world has proved heard.

But God is kind and Heaven is fair,
My hopes and aims are fixed there,
No cruel fate can blast ;

Then come sweet peace, I'll praise the Lord,
 And thank Him that faith does afford
 A hope that anchors fast.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Ye beatings of my heart be still,
 Ye sighs that do my bosom fill
 Depart ; nor e're return—
 This morning is the first of May,
 The birds do sing, the lambs do play,
 Ah ! why then do ye mourn ?

The flowers around perfume my feet,
 The hawthorn on the gale is sweet,
 The golden sun shines clear ;
 I never saw a fairer morn
 The merry first of May adorn—
 Alas ! all seems too fair.

I never saw the fields more green,
 Nor smoother flow yon glassy stream,
 Than I behold them now ;
 Yet sorrow weighs upon my heart,
 And girlish like, a tear will start,
 And aching is my brow.

Ye little birds in pity stay,
 The rural music that ye play ;
 Your joys increase my pain.
 No ploughman whistled once more gay
 By morning's light or evening's ray—

Will joy return again ?

My memory fails, I had to cull
Some of these flowers, this hawthorn pull
To deck my mother's cot ;
I had half forgot a chaplet too,
I was to weave, dear Fan, for you—
Blest is your humble lot.

Content to fill your humble sphere,
To milk your cows, to brew your beer—
Nor know the woes I feel ;
In vain desires my lot to rouse,
To see no more a ploughman's days—
Would fortune turn her wheel.

It is the young, the lovely maid,
That owns yon mansion in the shade,
That causes me such woe ;
Before I saw her kind, dark eyes
A ploughman I did not despise,
Nor felt my lot so low.

She walked this morn among the flowers,
She strayed amid the leafy bowers
All glittering with the dew ;
And I beheld her from afar,
And distant hopes did fancy draw
That never will prove true.

How fair the robe the heiress wore,
Yet one kind smile would charm me more
Than all she calls her own,

Though extensive are her rich domains,
Fertile her fields and sweeping plains,
And splendid is her home.

Why is she not some village maid
That I might praise, nor be afraid
To own how much I love?
Or why did not my unkind fate
For me predict a nobler state,
That she was not above?

My very clothes appear so mean,
When I survey; it seems a dream
That I should be so bold
To lift my eyes to one whose dress'd
In pearls and satins of the best,
And lovely to behold.

Oh! foolish youth to waste your time
In golden hopes that falsely shine
To lead you but astray;
In useless dreams that are in vain
The flutterers of joy and pain—
Have courage and be gay.

Thus thought the youth, of sorrow's frown,
Leaving his seat with daisies grown,
And whistled for awhile;
There is Ned and Will—both wait for me,
The May day festival I'll see,
He said without a smile.

I will lift my flowers and away

And see the May day games to day,
 Where, perhaps, my grief will flee ;
 Yet still the ploughman drooped his head,
 I knew his thoughts by what he said—
 Must I a ploughman be ?

THE WILD WOOD JAY.

List to the music sweet
 That through the wood does ring ;
 Hark to the various notes
 Of birds upon the wing.
 Oh ! mark with me that cry
 Heard from this woodland way ;
 It is the call of a bird well known,
 The cry of the Wild Wood Jay.

The Sweet William pours it song,
 The Robins' minstrelsy beside ;
 The Goldfinch tunes her throat,
 Her skill with success is tried.
 The Ring Doe's gentle coo,
 The Thrush 'neath the tender spray ;
 Though rich their united strains
 Give me the Wild Wood Jay.

Come rove with me this wood,
 Grateful is the forest shade ;
 The mysteries with me trace,
 In its deep recesses laid.
 While we find the shrinking flower

That gems this green pathway,
I will tell you Lucy, dear,
Why I love the Wild Wood Jay.

Mid these thick bushes wild
Plainly our steps are heard,
The crackling branch has hushed
To stillness the singing bird.
When in childhood the forest track
Of't became my favorite way,
Its stillness was cheered as now,
By the cry of the Wild Wood Jay.

Gay was her plumage blue
Upon my youthful sight,
Still memory so dear
Does make its beauty bright.
A tale dwells in that lov'd sound
Of many a by gone day,
Of young life's hopes and dreams,
The waker the Wild Wood Jay.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

The snow lay on the battle field,
A winding sheet for the frozen dead.
And many a dying warrior's gore
Had stained the snowy covering red.
Fate now had stayed the conqueror's blow,
The boundless sway of Napoleon's reign,
And Moscow's frost and Russia's snow

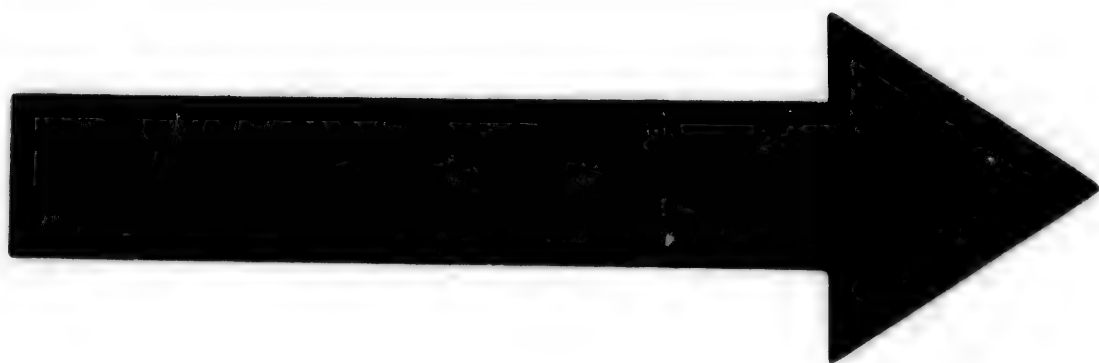
Successfully the hero chained.

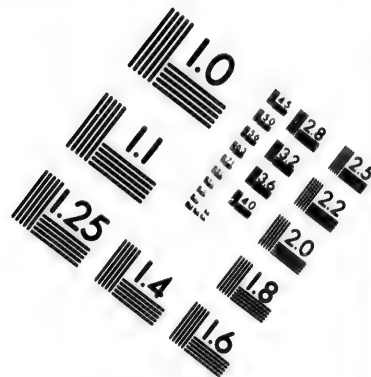
A wounded youth lay on the snow,
And his fine eyes once strange to fear
Now drooping sank beneath death's hands
That soon will stay his life's career ;
With visage pale, despairing look,
While from his breast a crimson tide
Unheeded flowed, his mantle soaked,
His bed of snow with purple dyed.

A heap of slain pillowed his head,
No aid nor comfort there was nigh,
No human sound refreshed his ear,
But dying groans, death's bitter sigh
From his brave comrades in arms,
Now weltering on the battle field ;
Alone in death, from kindred far,
With nought from Russia's frosts to shield.

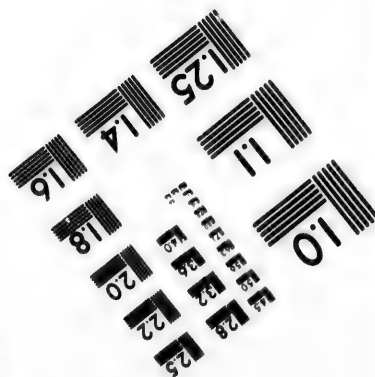
This youthful hero left his home
In eager search of the phantom fame,
To have his life's young sun thus set,
Oblivion to enshroud his name.
Fresh from the halls of laughing France,
The gay saloons that Paris grace,
The courted beau of fashions train,
And pleasures gay and giddy race.

He knew that morn would ne'er expand
Its beauties to his dying eyes ;
In prayer he could no solace find,





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(716) 872-4503**

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No hope had he beyond the skies.
 He thought of the fading joys of life,
 The worldly praise he sought to win,
 But bubbles of a moment's time
 Now empty trifles seemed to him.

Again he thought of loved Lisset,
 And of a broken hearted sire,
 And gladly would have welcomed hope
 To quench his heart's despairing fire ;
 But hope a native of the skies
 The gay young worldling would not cheer,
 And death with all its horrors closed
 This officer's worldly career.

THE RAMBLE.

My child the eve is fair,
 O'er fields we will stray
 To mark the beauties of the parting day ;
 Behold the splendor of the dying sun
 And think of him who bade its task be done,
 And see the variegated purple sky
 And know 'twas God, its varied tints did dye—
 That little rill by many a hillock wound,
 To fertilize for man this pasture ground,
 And it, my dear, a lesson does impart
 Of usefulness where life to all is short,
 Of good to others and of calm content,
 Though earth its riches to thee has not lent.
 See here, a violet lurks and teacheth thee

Our Saviour's charge to men, humility ;
 What beauties it can boast, and yet it hides
 Its modest face, fair tiny flower so prized ;
 Too often crushed beneath our careless feet
 To scent in kind return with grateful sweet.

My child observe the ants upon this hill
 And glean the wisdom that their care instill ;
 And lay up treasures in the heavenly land
 While youth and health lend thee a willing hand.
 Julia, here comes a toiling honey bee,
 Homewards it wings, its lucious burden see ;
 Mark the load of wax it carries to the hive:
 From the bee learn labor, love it and you'll thrive ;
 Foresee, like her, the winter of the year,
 For storms and feeble age thyself prepare.

Dear child no longer view that giddy fly,
 Though rainbow hues its amber wings bedye ;
 All is not precious that is decked in gold,
 And diamond lustre no real value own :
 This useless insect of the summer hour
 Will breathe its last with summer's painted flowers.
 The lovely flower that o'er your hand does stoop,
 So pitiless the noontide sun did droop ;
 Its curious cup and silken texture view,
 No weaver's satin has so rich a hue,
 And think, if God, a fading flower thus clothed—
 Will he forget thy raiment, warm or cold ?
 How fair is nature, it is wisdom's page,
 A book of knowledge each succeeding age ;
 The very dew now falling on the earth,

Refreshing verdant life ; granting new birth,
 With morning's ray upon the grass will shine,
 The flowers pitying that at eve did pine ;
 The flocks and herds now feeding on yon lea—
 Thy hand, my dear, we'll go the sheep to see ;
 These resting sheep and lambs how meek they
 look,

So often mentioned in God's holy book.

Now twilight gray has cast its shadows dim,
 The birds have sung their last vesper hymn
 In praise of God, they never do forget ;
 In this, my Julia, they example set ;
 Let not the birds in praise sweet music pour
 And you forget the Lord you should adore.
 Behold o'er yonder trees the evening star
 Twinkling so bright in its blue home afar,
 And see the crescent moon, her diadem,
 The golden stars that Heaven's curtain gem ;
 Homewards we'll go by this Ethereal Light,
 A blessing ask of Him, the king of night.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

There are two little graves in yon churchyard,
 A mother's fondest hopes lie buried there ;
 Two babes there slumber in the sleep of death,
 Lost to the world, unknown to all its care ;
 Their mother wept the more to think of two
 Thus gone, that both her babes must die ;
 Mother, in bitter grief, forget not hope

For your lost treasures safe in Heaven lie,
 The more you loved them the more you try,
 To seek the road that leads to their abode,
 Those babes will make more bright the Heavenly
 way,

And smiling point to you the Saviour's road ;
 The Lord in mercy took them ; bow your head
 In full submission to his chastening rod ;
 He knows the best and would not have a hope
 To tempt thee to forget He is thy God.
 The means were blest unto that mother's soul,
 She seeks out Heaven for her hopes are there,
 Her pride is humbled, she the world forgoes,
 Her sins acknowledged and her Saviour dear ;
 And she has Heavenly hope and doth confess
 That God is good to us whate'er betide ;
 His name is love though he doth punish man
 For his rebellion—for his sins and pride.

THE FUGITIVE.

A female wept midst forest trees
 Standing in tall array,
 No path between the wood she sees
 To point her tangled way ;
 She sat upon a tree decayed,
 She looked to where the sky
 With welcome light its hues displayed
 Through the matted leaves on high.

A rosy babe laid on some moss,

Its little eyes were closed,
 Unconscious of the slightest loss,
 Or its fainting mother's woes.
 She looked upon her blistered feet,
 To every bramble bare,
 She knelt and kissed the babe asleep,
 Dropped on its face a tear.

For what then crossed the mother's heart,
 She must all hardships try,
 She cannot with her nursing part,
 Oh ! better far to die ;
 She raised her hands reduced and weak
 To press her burning head,
 Thin and sallow was her cheek,
 Health's rosy bloom had fled.

Her clothes were by the bushes torn,
 Fatigue her body bent,
 No screen upon her head is worn
 Whether sun or rain is sent ;
 For she had fled for many a mile
 From where smoke and purple flame
 Seized on her home, its wooden pile
 A ruin black became.

And dearly loved were those consumed
 Amid the killing heat,
 Of ghastly flame that night illumed
 With many a purple sheet.
 The red man's knife with crimson hue
 Had pierced their bosoms warm,

And what then could from death rescue
When that dreaded weapon's drawn.

Their tomb was in the raging fire,
And met no pitying eye,

Save her's, who weakness bade expire,
For her infant's sake to fly.

She fled with morning's early ray,
The dire and dismal scene,

The babe pressed to her bosom lay,
She wandered by hopes gleam.

A fugitive for many a day
Through wood and wild did go,

But trackless was the lonely way,
The end how could she know.

Now sinking nature she sustained
With forest food and plant,

When stillness unbroken reigned
She knelt kind Heaven to thank.

The babe awoke, with circling arm
Raised from his mossy bed,

On her bosom freed from all alarm,
Where chance its guidance led ;

And what then could her lone heart cheer
But hope in mercy given,

For the dear one her wanderings share,
Her trust reposed in heaven.

In this vast dreary solitude

No human aid was nigh,
But when she prayed for fortitude

The heavens neared to her cry.
 When night dismal'd her weary goal
 The air was tempered mild;
 Her mossy pillow sleep would hail
 Though in a frightful wild.
 But hope so long deferred, at last
 Doubtful had made her breast,
 For weary days had wandered past
 And still their was no rest,
 Sweet nourishment forsooth her babe,
 The forest food forsook,
 That hard the mossy pillow made,
 Poor pilgrim in distress.
 Now trouble prayed upon her mind,
 Despair embitter'd grief,
 She the nearest was to succour find
 For the suffering's relief.
 This morn her rose with heart more sad
 To track her wretched way,

